THE SABBATH SCHOOL VISITOR

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March.

"March brings breezes loud and shrill;
Stirs the dancing daffodil."

A Talk About Our Neighbor.

IF you look through the Bible you will find many things said about neighbors; how we should feel toward them, what duties we owe to them.

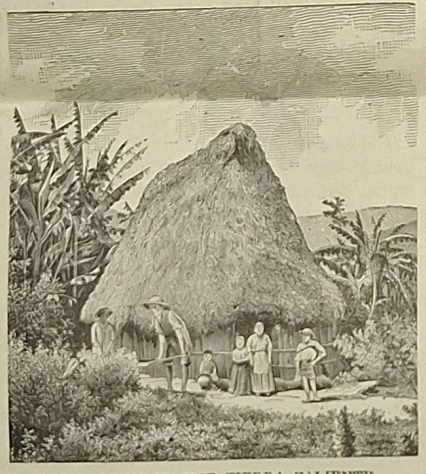
Some of you will be inclined to ask, as did a certain lawyer, "Who is my neighbor?" Others will say, "Oh! I know who our neighbors are—Mr. Smith, who lives next door; the Browns across the street."

Well, that answer is right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. Suppose you think beyond your own street, or village, or city. People often speak about "neighboring towns." Enlarge your thought, and you reach neighboring States, then neighboring countries. With steam and electricity, you may say the whole world is next door, which is pretty near right.

There is an old saying, "Don't talk about your neighbor," but that is just what we are going to do to-day—in a kindly way, however. If we touch her faults, it will be only to help in their correction.

Now, have you guessed who she is? Beautiful outwardly, she has been likened to a grave, covered with a blanket of flowers. She is rich, but so poor! She is full of contradictions.

It may help you to find this neighbor if you use a map. Take a journey down to Texas. Then buy a pair of seven-leagued boots, if you can, and step across the Rio Grande. You have reached our nearest neighbor of the countries. (Not counting Canada, whose people are our kindred.) She is called Mexico.



INDIAN HUT IN THE TIERRA CALIENTE.

Isn't she beautiful? Foliage, flowers, fruits in abundance. Long stretches of white sand vary the green. Then majestic mountains, with such charming changes of color! their beauty impresses you as much as their grandeur. Rose color when the sun strikes them in the morning, noon tones them down to blue or brown, sunset gives still another tint, which deepens into purple as night comes on.

And rich? You will find gold for the mining—silver, iron, and copper, besides other less valuable metals. Rich in wood also. On the border-line are forests, from which come the polished mahogany. The climate is so delightful, it is a joy to be alive.

Yet here "extremes meet." A day and a half will take you from "*tierra caliente*," through "*tierra templada*," to "*tierra fria*"; that is, from great heat to severe cold; from oranges and pineapples to mountain tops always covered with snow.

One hour you may buy fruit and vegetables from the rude market woman, who has pushed her boat up-stream; the next hour some Castilian gentleman, with soft Spanish tongue and many flourishes, will beg you to accept his house as yours. You may have a dozen such offers in a day, but don't take them literally, since nothing would be a greater surprise to the owner.

Magnificent churches. Then huts of the poor. Just a few stakes driven in the ground, and a straw-thatched roof. Maybe not a bed, or a chair, or a table inside. How long do you think it takes to build such a house? Perhaps half a day! I read of a rich man who wanted a poor man to work for him. The poor man said he could come in the afternoon, but not in the morning.

"Why?"

"Because I must build a house in the forenoon!"

Very likely you will get glimpses of a bull-fight, though I trust you won't go. But you may see beautiful ladies, in party dresses, on their way to enjoy the sight of torture. Is it not horrible?

In the streets there will often be processions, when the crucifix and the image of the Virgin are borne aloft.

To understand any neighbor you must know something of his ancestors. You say, "He takes after his father or his grandmother." Let us look at Mexico's antecedents. A thousand years ago some people called Toltecs, lived here. Three centuries after they were conquered by the Aztecs. Half the population of Mexico now are of Indian blood. These Indians were heathen. Human sacrifice was a religious rite. The sacrificial stone is preserved in the museum at the capital. Sometimes twenty thousand prisoners were killed in a year.

MEXICAN MARKET-WOMAN.

Then came the Spaniards, under Cortez, in the sixteenth century, eager to conquer, eager to convert. You know that "convert" means to turn and go another way. Cortez thought it meant to be baptized into the Romish church, and go on about in the same way. These poor heathen welcomed the Spanish conqueror as the "Fair God" of their prophets. They were baptized by the wholesale, and continued heathen as before.

At present, besides the Indians, there is a large class of mixed blood; there are many Spaniards, and the Romish church has been dominant for three centuries. That means oppression of the poor to rear costly churches; no open Bible, no energy to develop the resources of the land.

There is not time to follow the history. Read about the Mexican war and that Christian woman, Matilda Rankin, who took the Bible across the border. Read about Maximilian, and how Mexico became a republic.

The question answered, "Who is my neighbor?" what then?

Listen: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"Myself? I have a good home; I go to school; I read the Bible; I pray in Christ's name, not in the name of the Virgin."

What about boys and girls in Mexico? Very few of them can read, or ever saw a Bible.

Let us ask our heavenly Father to fill us with neighborly kindness, and to show us how to express it in deeds.

HELEN A. HAWLEY.

If I Knew.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me;
Then over the land and the sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street;
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deepest sea.

Quite an Adventure.

"MAYN'T I go out this morning, mamma?" pleaded Alice. "It's so nice and cold."

"And the ice'll be thicker'n anything. Won't be another such a Saturday this winter, I'll bet." That was Will's opinion, expressed in vigorous boy fashion.

"No need to bet on it, my son." Mrs. Perkins smiled into the four sparkling eyes entreating her. "You know, dear, I'd rather you wouldn't use such expressions."

"Yes, mamma, I forgot. Anyhow, it's just the day for Alice. I'll teach her lots. My! we'll make squares, and hearts, and triangles. Oh! it's jolly to watch the marks. I saw this fellow who almost did a sum on the ice—great, big figures. I mean to try it some day."

"I'll be quite satisfied when you can do your sums in the school-room," laughed Will's mother. "Don't be gone more than an hour and a half, or I may get anxious."

"Nothing to be anxious about, mamma; there won't be a thin spot this morning."

"I have my watch," said Alice. "It's half-past nine now." A nickel watch was one of Alice's Christmas presents. It went with her everywhere.

This was her first season of skating, and there hadn't been much freezing weather before.

"We'll take Frizz," shouted Will. "Here, Frizz!" he whistled. "Frizz" was the spaniel, so named because his hair curled in spots.

Whew! Wasn't it fine? The air keen, the ice a sea of jewels in the sunshine! Criss-cross went the skate-marks; up, down, zigzag, curly-cued.

Will steadied Alice, sometimes letting her go a little way alone.

"Isn't it warm?" she panted. "It feels like summer. Say, I'm going to take off my scarf, and tie it in Frizzie's collar; then he'll pull us."

Of course Will was ready for anything that promised fun.

"Hold on tight, Ally; don't let him get away."

"I won't. He goes splendid, doesn't he?"

Indeed he did. It seemed to be fun for him, too, as they urged him to a run.

No thin ice this morning? Is that what you said, Master Will? Ah! the sun is powerful, even on a cold winter day.

Will left his sister for a little spin by himself. Then he heard a short, sharp snap.

What a horrible instant!

The ice had broken, and Alice was in the water! Evidently she let go of the scarf as she fell, for Frizz ran on.

"Frizz! Frizz!" called Will in agony, and the obedient dog bounded back. "Get her! Save her!" He pointed to the yawning crack.

What doesn't a dog know? Quicker than words can tell it, Frizz jumped in. See! He catches her dress in his teeth as she rises. He tries the ice with his paws. By this time other skaters were at hand to help.

It was a very cold and very frightened, but quite unharmed, little maid who was rescued.

Will skated back to tell mamma, lest she be alarmed at the sight of her wet daughter. The others escorted Alice. Frizz stayed by her, as if he were her especial guardian, shaking himself, prancing around, his tail telling his joy.

"My darling! Thank God!" Mrs. Perkins couldn't say more.

"Mamma, mamma," whispered Alice, with her face in mother's neck, "I prayed when I fell in, and God heard—he surely did."

"Yes, darling; he surely did."

"Wasn't it lucky, mamma, that we took Frizz?" Will spoke in a slightly awed tone.

"My son," said Mrs. Perkins, "it was something more than luck. It was the good providence of our heavenly Father." A. H. H.

FRIZZ PROVES A HELPER TO WILL AND ALICE.

Deep Places.

FEW of us could tell, off-hand, how far into the earth man has penetrated. Stories of some of the depths attained seem almost incredible, yet these are facts:

The deepest mining shaft in the world is located at Prizilram, Bohemia. It is a lead mine, and four thousand feet deep, or over three-quarters of a mile. Think of it!

The deepest mine in the world is near Tourney, Belgium: it is 3,542 feet in depth, but unlike the lead mine, it is not perpendicular. The deepest hole ever bored into the earth is the artesian well at Potsdam, which is 5,500 feet in depth. The deepest coal mines in England are the Dunkirk collieries in Lancashire, which are 2,824 feet in depth. The deepest coal shaft in the United States is located at Pottsville, Penn. Several years ago it had reached a depth of 1,567 feet. The deepest silver mine in the United States is the Yellow Jacket, one of the great Comstock system at Virginia City, Nev.; the lower levels are 2,700 feet below the hoisting works.

Our Cozy Corner.

CAN you tell me what goes with Industry to make it of great value? Ah! I thought you would be ready with the answer—PUNCTUALITY. Any one, to be sure, I hear you say, could answer that question without stopping to think. For the one without the other would be of little use. Punctuality can be so easily acquired, too. A little perseverance is all that is needed to form this habit; and about all we have to achieve is industry and punctuality, no matter what we undertake.

DID you ever hear the story of the boy who told a lie with his finger? No? You thought a falsehood was always told with the lips? Not always. A falsehood may be acted, as well as spoken. The boy was out walking, when a man, riding in great haste, asked him to show him the way to a doctor, who was known to be very skillful. Just for fun, the boy pointed his finger in the wrong direction, and the man following that road, missed the doctor. But that is not all. The saddest part you have yet to hear.

This man's son was dangerously sick. He wanted to fetch the doctor to him; but, failing to do so, his son died. The boy's fun was found out. At the funeral the minister said: "This boy was killed through a lie, which another boy told with his finger." Was it not pretty dear fun? And do not you suppose this thoughtless and mischievous boy regretted his folly so long as he lived?

Do you realize, boys and girls alike, that you are soldiers—every one of you, and that you have been enlisted for the bravest battle that ever was fought? How long will the battle last, do I think? I will tell you. It will last from the time your dear mother took you—each one—in your babyhood, in her strong, but tender arms, until our Father calls you to come and live in that other home with him. And where is the battle to be fought, do you ask? Why, where else, do you suppose, unless it be in your heart? That is the battlefield for every one of us; and oh! those battles. They last so long, sometimes.

Write and tell me something about these encounters of yours—if they are short or long, hard or easy to win.

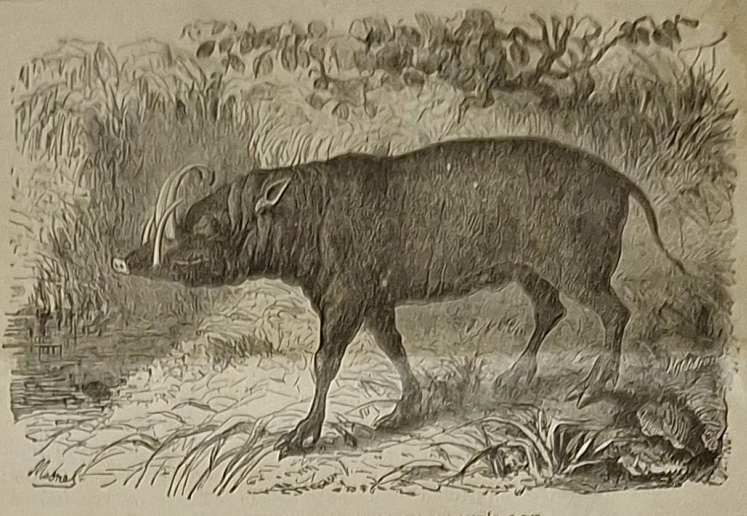
E. ADDIE HEATH.

Which Will You Do?

"WHAT a very big world,"
chirruped one little bird,
"I'm sure that our voices
could never be heard
Through a half of its distances great!
So I'll feast, while I swing,
on the berries you bring,
And the rest of the time—I
will wait!"

"To be certain, my dear, so
it would appear strange
That we be expected to fill
such a range;"
Said her mate, as he ruffled
his wing,
"And you may think it queer,
but I have an idea,
That all who would listen are, possibly, near,
Now, I come to think over the thing!
So I'll bring to you all the nice berries I see
While hopping about here from tree-top to tree,
And the rest of the time—I will sing!"

ALICE MAYO HUNTINGTON.



THE PICTURE THAT FELL TO CLINT'S LOT.

The Picture Social.

THERE were ten in the Social—all boys. They met on alternate Saturday afternoons, at the home of one of their number, having agreed to make their visits in alphabetical order. Each boy brought a selection of pictures, either animals, fishes or birds, which had been cut out of newspapers or magazines.

All the pictures were put in a hat and well shaken up; then each of the boys in turn drew out a picture, and the animal, or bird, or whatever happened to fall to his lot, was made the subject for their afternoon's talk. In this way they learned a great deal about natural history; for each one tried to find out all he could and make use of it at their gatherings.

One day Clint Rabe came home feeling pretty well discouraged. It had been his turn to draw, and when he opened his paper he found the picture of a queer-looking animal. He thought it resembled a pig, but he really didn't know what it was, and wondered where in the world he would find out, or learn enough about it to tell anything worth while.

"What is your subject, Clint?" asked Uncle Clinton, that night, after supper. "Let me see your picture."

"Here it is," said Clint. "I've looked through my Natural History, but I haven't found much. This animal is spoken of as the 'babyroussa,' 'horned hog,' 'Indian hog,' and a good many other names."

Uncle Clinton was always glad to help boys. So together he and Clint looked through the Encyclopædia and one or two other books bearing on natural history, and they found out several interesting things about the illustration his nephew had brought home. Clint learned that it was the picture of a babyroussa, and that it was a native of Borneo, New Guinea and Java, where so much of our good rice and coffee comes from.

The babyroussa is also known by the name of "hog deer," probably on account of its slim legs and because it can run so fast, as certainly neither its body nor its horns remind one of the deer. His diet is chiefly vegetable, and he enjoys browsing through the forest in search of food. For the most part he may be said to be peaceable, although when hunted he has been known to become ferocious.

If taken when quite young he can be tamed without much difficulty, and is said to act very much like a well-behaved pig. When full grown this animal is about as large as a good-sized pig.

One thing about the babyroussa Clint thought was singular enough. He can suspend himself by his upper tusks to the branch of a tree. In this position he sometimes goes to sleep, hanging there all night.

EVALENA I. FRYER.

March.

OLD Winter sounds his last alarm,
And calls his aids around him.
"Go forth, my North-wind—bold and free—
And to your work right merrily!
Give battle to the stately pines;
Shake up the yielding, clinging vines,
And all the trees you chance to see—
Oak, elm, and maple, fir and larch,
For now 'tis stormy March!

"North and east winds—faithful pair!
Set the snow-flakes whirling,
That from dark cloudland I am now
Upon the prone earth hurling.
Heap up white drifts against the walls,
O faithful winds, when Winter calls,
My time is short, my reign is past;
So blow a chilling blast.

"Quick—for coming o'er the hills,
Bursting the chains of ice-bound rills,
Comes the sun god slowly,
Bringing in warmth; we must retire,
For each day he's rising higher.
Then blow, my faithful winds!
Oh, blow! blow, blow!
And whirl the snow,
For now 'tis blustering March!"—*Selected.*

"Can't God Count?"

A LITTLE girl and her brother were carrying a basket of cakes to their grandmother, and as often happens with children—and with grown people, too—they were curious to know what was in the basket, so they carefully raised the cover and looked in. When their eyes saw the tempting cakes their mouths fairly watered to taste them. After counting them over several times, they almost made up their minds to eat just one of them. Nobody would know it, and it would taste so good. While they were gazing at the cakes, and just ready to take one, the little girl looked up into her brother's face and asked: "Can't God count?" This settled the matter immediately. The lid was shut down, and all the cakes were carried to their grandmother. The little boy and girl had learned a beautiful lesson that day.—*Selected.*

Opportunity.

The key of yesterday
I threw away,
And now, too late,
Before to-morrow's close-locked gate
Helpless I stand—in vain to pray!
In vain to sorrow!
Only the key of yesterday
Unlocks to-morrow.

—*Priscilla Leonard, in Outlook.*

An American Student Abroad.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER "FULDA,"
OFF THE BALEARIC ISLES.
November, 18—.

YESTERDAY we reached Gibraltar, and a little time was given us to go ashore, which was very exasperating, to say the least; as one would wish for days to look about in.

It was morning when we came within sight of the rock. The quaint little town at its base lay bathed in the sunlight, while its top was obscured by the clouds that kept rising and falling, until at last, when we were returning to our ship, they descended upon us in a heavy and steady downpour of rain.

When we came to anchor off the port, a launch boarded us, and upon payment of two francs and a half, or fifty cents, took as many of us ashore as cared to go.

I attached myself to a little Englishman, who belonged to our party, and who had been there before, and together we drove around the quaint old town, with its narrow streets, queer shops, and queerer people.

Each one wears his own national dress, and every nation under the sun, so it would seem, is here represented. The most noticeable of all, however, is the jaunty English soldier, wearing his little round hat, with its gay band, and swinging his small bamboo cane, the long ulster protecting him from the weather.

To me, the town itself was very pretty. We kept passing out of one street, under a porch, and coming into view of the sea wall, where we saw the batteries of guns, mounted at regular intervals, and going into still another, until at last we came to a turn which took us into some gardens, that were beautifully laid out, and excellently well kept.

These were filled with trees and flowers that shed the odors of the tropics all about us. Here we got out and walked, and I think I never entered so beautiful a spot.

As we came out of the gardens we were surrounded by flower-sellers, who afterward followed our carriage every step of the way.

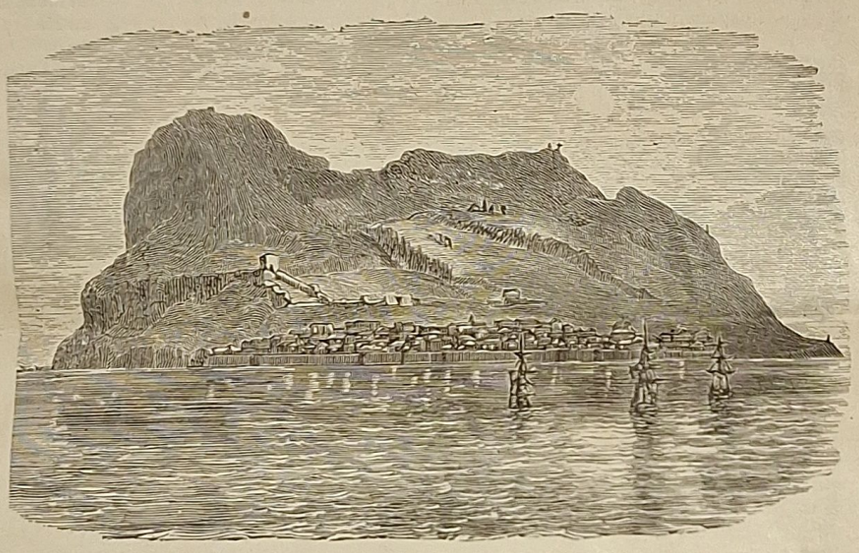
As we drove back through the narrow, well-kept streets, I was filled with strange thoughts. For to see all these different kinds of people meeting and mingling without clashing, under the firm, strong rule of England, impressed me strangely.

There were the calm and stately Moor, the squatty Turk, the healthy and hardy-looking English civilian, while everywhere we met the trim presence of the English soldier; and from the war-ships stationed in the harbor came the boom, boom, boom of the guns, as the sailors went through their morning drill.

From the gardens we drove back to the launch, going on board ship in a very dissatisfied state of mind, for we were indeed loath to leave Gibraltar after so short a stay.

The voyage from New York to Gibraltar has been one of the most unpleasant in the annals of the company. It was nothing but storms of wind and rain, every day; and our good ship although standing up to her work exceptionally well, has sailed on anything but an even keel. In fact, this is the first smooth sailing we have had, and we are now within sight of the southern coast of France. But the call for lunch is sounding, so I will continue my journey later on.

ALLAN GRAY.



'GIBRALTAR—AND ITS QUAINT LITTLE TOWN.'

The Third Month.

MARCH, like each one of the other months, has its own niche to fill. Strange though it may seem, this month the farmer rejoices in what a few months hence he would greatly lament. For this is the farmer's time to plant and sow; therefore, he welcomes clouds of dust instead of clouds that send rain.

"A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom," so the old saw runs; and, "A dry March never begs its bread."

Notwithstanding all these, in the early part of the month we may expect blustering winds, which, ere long, give way to warm sunshine and soft, balmy air; for when "March comes in like a lion" he is apt to go out "like a lamb." So, the months as they come

Each one in their turn fulfill
A law that speaks the higher Will.

Things to Work Out.

1. QUESTIONS.

WHICH is the earliest monument erected to the memory of the dead of which we have any record?

What is the name of the only woman in the Bible whose age at death is recorded?

What was the name of the king who never saw the city in which he died?

In what town did our Saviour spend the Sabbath immediately preceding his crucifixion?

A woman fell into grievous sin through jealousy of her sister-in-law, and was severely punished in consequence. Who was she?

2. ENIGMA.

The daughter of Jacob.
The mother of Timothy.
The mother of Solomon.
The sister-in-law of Ruth.
The wife of Isaac.
The wife of King Jehoram.
The mother of King Manasseh.
The initials of the answers form the name of a woman who judged Israel.

3. WHO WAS HE?

He was only five years old when he met with an accident which made him a cripple for the rest of his life. His grandfather—who was king—and his father, while away from home, engaged in a war in which both were slain. When the tidings reached the royal household, the nurse was panic-stricken, and carrying the little boy on her shoulder, she started to run away. In her fright she stumbled and fell and the child was thrown to the ground. His feet were so injured that he was never able to walk again. He was picked up and, with the rest of his family, taken to the mountains where a refuge was found in the house of a powerful sheik.

Here he was brought up, and here he married. Finally, the man who had succeeded his grandfather on the throne, heard of him, and for the sake of his dead father, whom this king had loved dearly, the crippled man was invited to the royal palace and treated with great kindness.

Answers to February puzzles:

1. Asenath, Gihon, Ornan, Ophir, Deborah, Nineveh, Achaicus, Methuselah, Enoch. A good name.

2. David.

3. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

4. Joel, Esther, Adam, Herod, Tamar.

5. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issue of life."

6. (a). The church at Philippi. (b). The "barbarous people of Melita"; Publius; Julius; Claudius Lysias. (c). In Proverbs 7: 20 and Haggai 1: 6. (d). Exodus 28: 15–29. (e). The tongue, James 3: 5, 6.

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